

Wonder upon VVonders,

OR, THE

5

LONDON Histories.

- The Running of the Rats in *Smithfield*.
I. The Whipping of the Blind Bears at *Iffington*.
II. The Rising of *St. Paul's* Steeple, and the Downfal of Popery.
V. An Account of an Old Womans Cat that Kitten'd a Mag-Pye, now to be seen in a Cage at the Sign of the Smock and Tar-Box in Tattling Alley near *Billinggate*.
VI. *Don Pedro* King of *Don Troy*, who smother'd his Young Son with his Two great Thumbs when he was but a Year and a half old. 13
VI. A strange and wonderful Relation of the King of *Morocco*, who was brought to Bed of Two Twins, a Bear and a Blackamore.
VII. Great News from *Tripoli*, the Devil's dead, and his Wife's turn'd Pawn-Broker.

With many other Varieties never known nor heard of since the World began.

Enter'd according to Order.

London: Printed by W. Wile near Fleetstreet, 1710.

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T H E
L O N D O N *Histories, &c.*

Smithfield for many Years last past, has not only been the Rendezvous of Rats and Mice, but even those of a more Obnoxious Vermin, viz. Whores, Thieves, Pimps and Pick-Pockets, of all Ages, Degrees and Qualities; even from the high-Rump'd Ma'am to the down-look'd Cynder-Wench; and from the lofty Stallion to the lousie Sodomite. But you'll say where's the *Running of those Rats in Smithfield all this time?* Why I'll tell ye. The Bartholomew Babies are forc'd to run in- to Southwark, and the Players are forc'd to run in every Bodys Debt, and at last run their Country; the Tradesmen has over-run the Constable by taking new Leases, and are oblig'd to run away by Moon-light, to avoid the Heat of the Sun in the Dog Days. The Ale-Draper runs in the Brewers Debt, the

Brewer runs in the Malsters Debt, and the
 Malster runs in the Farmers Debt; the Far-
 mers run in the Landlords Debt, and the
 Landlord runs in the Usurers Debt, and the
 Usurers run in the Devils Debt, for they
 Pawn their Souls to him for Interest.

*Running is grown so common now a-days,
 Not only Rats but Men, run many ways;
 Some run stark Mad, and others run in Debt
 And thousands run away with what they get
 Men run a Whoring, Women do the same,
 Maids run a Hunting after Cupids Game:
 Both Young and Old run after Lots and Prize
 But he that keeps his Money much more wise is*

Whipping the Blind Bears, &c.

THESE Islington Cubbs, are the Legiti-
 mate off-spring of Old Preston's Breed
 in Hockley in the Hole, who Dy'd a Sacrifice for
 the Honour of the Bear garden Society, tho in-
 deed these Brutes differ very much in Natur
 and Quality, from those that are Baited with
 Wheel Barrows; for instead of keeping their
 Dens, they Night and Day rove about, like Ra-
 venous Wolves, being such Barbarous Bitche
 that all is Fish that come to Net; and so very
 Blind that they hardly know Bridewel from Bedlan

or a Board from a Blanket. Tho they are often
Whip'd at the former and pickt up in the latter.

There's Whipping doings in some Houses,
Where Drovers lie with Landlords Spouses;
When Ladies Honour stoops to Jack,
And Parson's Wives are Drunk with Sack.
When Wenches hardly turn'd of Ten,
Are stark Mad for the use of Men:
And Boys but lately put in Briches,
Begin to long for Brimstone Bitches.
'Tis time some Whipping work was done,
At Kentish Town and Islington,
For such like Brutes. are grown so Common,
They are a Shame to Man and Woman.

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The Rising of Pauls Steeple. &c.

NEVER was St. Pauls Steeple so high-
ly advanced as it as been since the 5th of
November last, when that Ornament of Chri-
stianity Dr. Sacheverell revived and supported
that Holy Religion which was then seemingly a
sinking: lending the Desponding Church a Hand
when it was at its greatest Declension; so that
neither Popery on the one Hand nor Fanaticism
on the other can be able to injure it, no, nor the
Gates of Hell prevail against it. From hence
we may truly and Seasonably call this Hap-

*py Change, the Rising of St. Paula Sreeples,
and the Downfall of Popery, for the latter,
has received such a Fatal Blow that 'twill hardly
ever recover it self in England again.*

*Thrice Happy Man whose Labours are Divine,
Whose Truth and Zeal has made the Gospel
In pure Worship, not in Faction Notes, [shine,
First for Resistance then for cutting Throats.
But Passive Love, to Princes, with Submission,
According to our Saviours own Commission.*

A Story of an old Womans Cat, &c.

A certain old Woman of *Newcastle*, whose
Cat by some supernatural Accident or
or other, had stolln a great Belly by a mid-
night Caterwauling: the old Woman was so
tender of her quondam Bedfellow, that she
consulted a Midwife about it, who being a
very learned Buttock-groper, got such an in-
sight into Pusses Fundament, abate she told the
Senior Gossip her Cat was in Travail of a
Mag-Pye; which put the old Dame in such a
Chattering Humour, that the poor Brute had
like to have miscarried, but by the Care of
Mother Damnable she was safely brought to
Bed of a Male Mag-Pye, to the great Won-
der of all People; since which a Rag-Fair
Merchant has purchas'd the Bird of the Own-
er,

er, and now keeps the Cat and her Chattering Daughter in a Cage, to be seen for Two Pence a-piece, at the Sign of the *Smock and Tar-Box* in *Tattling-Alley*, at the corner of *Billingsgaet Dock*; where thousands of People go hourly to see them.

Of all the Wonders that was ever told,
No Mortal such a monster did behold.

The Story of *Don Pedro*, &c.

DON PEDRO, the Son of a Famous Monarch behind the North-Pole, having three unfortunate Sons, the first kill'd himself with Farting, the second choak'd himself with Eating Apple Dumplins, and the youngest poor Infant, being not above a Year and a half old, was unhappily smother'd to death with his Fathers great Thumbs, to the excessive Grief and Sorrow of all that Royal Family who are now all put into deep mourning for the loss of so hopeful a Bantling.

This strange News has occasion'd such a wonderful fall of Stocks in *Change-Alley*, and a general decay of Trade all over this City, that 'tis a thousand Blanks to a Prize but some great Trader or another Breaks and runs away before this and *Christmas*: For publick Bu-
Busi-

Business is now become such a Lottery, that there is above an hundred that has nothing to do, where there is one in a Profitable Employment.

A Wonderful Relation of the King of Morocco being brought to Bed of Two Twins.

FROM the Ethiop an Camp near Grand-Cairo, June 21, N. S. We were surprized here some time ago, at News of the King of Morocco being with Child, but much more when we heard he was brought to Bed of 2 Twins, a Bear and a Blackamore. 'Tis said the Pope and Great Turk are to stand God-Fathers, and Madam Maintenon God-Mother; The Devil to be the Priest, and the French King Master of the Ceremonies.

Great News from Tripoli, &c.

THE Devil's Dead and his Wife turn'd Pawn Broker. Heres rare news indeed if the next Mail from Holland brings the confirmation. Well, if Mrs. Lucifer be really a Widow and taken up the Business above mention'd, she need not doubt of Customers, if she will take in Souls for Pawns; and keep a Shop in the middle of *Change Alley*, among the *Stock-jobbers*, where she'll have as great a Trade as she can turn her Hands to.

FINIS.